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# The Boston Weekly Globe.

BOSTON, TUESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 4, 1891.

VOL. XIX.—NO. 31.

## POLITICAL PABULUM.

### Quay and Dudley Step Down and Out of the Committee.

### The Contest for the Speakership—Maryland Democratic Convention.

### Tariff the Real Issue—Mississippi's Registration Law.

WASHINGTON, July 20.—Chairman Quay and Treasurer Dudley of the national Republican committee have resigned their offices and their resignations have been accepted.

When the committee reassembled at 8 o'clock this evening all approached to the room were closed and no communication could be had with those inside.

Col. Scott of Ohio has secured a glowing speech on the subject of holding the next Republican national convention in that city.

Col. Scott had reasons in plenty to support his argument, based largely upon the precarious state of the party in the Western States adjoining Nebraska, which might be improved by the infusion of party spirit engendered by a great national convention in the neighborhood.

All these communications that appeared to be of value were carefully considered, and particular attention was enlisted in behalf of an elaborate plan to meet the last vote of the congressional election.

Some discussions followed as to the time and place of meeting of the new national Republican committee, and it was finally decided to intrust the selection of the place of meeting and the exact date to Chairman Quay, who will, with the proviso that the meeting shall take place some day in November.

Col. Scott Dudley presented his report, which shows:

Cash in the treasury.....Nothing Obligations outstanding.....\$40,000 of which \$30,000 due to Quay, Clarkson and Davis for funds advanced.

Members of the committee deny that there has been any squabbles over this matter, and that the financial condition of the Democratic administration under Grover Cleveland which preceded it. The congressional session was recorded at Barnes Compton, Ex-Gov. Henry Lloyd of Dorchester county was chairman.

The platform adopted is, in part, as follows:

### MARYLAND DEMOCRATS

### Nominates the Governor and Delegates for Tariff Reform and Honest Money.

BALTIMORE, Md., July 30.—The Democratic State convention was called to order at noon in Ford's Opera House by Hon. Barnes Compton, Ex-Gov. Henry Lloyd of Dorchester county was chairman.

Quay and Dudley were present, with the proviso that the meeting shall take place some day in November.

Col. Scott Dudley presented his report,

which shows:

Mr. Quay "Hogged"

the funds for Pennsylvania.

He was in sore need of funds with which to carry on his campaign of last fall in that State, and as the committee owed him one thousand dollars at \$30,000 they did everything in their power to raise money for him when he wanted it.

Various plans were suggested to them for the raising of funds with which to carry on this fall's campaign in the close States.

Mr. Quay declared that the Pennsylvania manufacturers had given him a large sum to help him in carrying on the campaign setting aside, for eight or ten years, they were refused to contribute, except in discouraging amounts.

One member of the committee had come prepared with a long and elaborate statement of the condition in many of the states, and he urged that much greater stress be placed upon the Farmer's Alliance movement.

How to raise funds for immediate use is a conundrum which the committee has not yet solved.

There is much anxiety about the elections in New York, Illinois and other States next fall.

The State League of Republican Clubs in New York holds a convention on the 5th of next month, to make preparations for the campaign, there though it is not usual for the committee to do anything until after the convention.

There had been some dispute as to the method of electing a new sectional discord. It was beaten at the polls by an overwhelming vote. In spite of the maneuvering of the administration to destroy the autonomy of the several states by means of the notorious "iron bill," it will be difficult to get a majority to enact that bill if it is continued in power.

The Republican party sought to sow discord among the various sectional discord. It was beaten at the polls by an overwhelming vote. In spite of the maneuvering of the administration to destroy the autonomy of the several states by means of the notorious "iron bill," it will be difficult to get a majority to enact that bill if it is continued in power.

The platform denounces the collection of taxes after 25 years of continual peace. The platform also denounces a careful revision of the same recommended.

The power of Congress to coin gold and silver ought not to be so exercised that gold coin or silver coin will become a commodity, and so disturb the operations of the market. The administration has in its power to deprecate by legislation either of these metals ought to be decreated and condemned.

Frank Brown was nominated for governor by acclamation.

### TOM REED'S RETURN.

### Political Discussion He Avoided Broad and Would Not Talk Here.

NEW YORK, July 29.—After four months of absence, Hon. Thomas B. Reed, speaker of the House, returned to these shores to give out the impression that the administration wanted him to remain it is well known that the reverse is true, and that Reed has for months been endeavoring to get him out.

Quay met the like the practical political effect of his resignation, and terms for himself with Harrison, and then stepped down with good grace and amid the buzz of his admiring fellow-members, and became his friend, being Harrison's son wanted to get him out.

The President's position was that as the official head of the party, and a member of the committee, he had the right to have at the head of the party organization men of his liking.

Harrison was not as willing to go as Quay was.

He said as late as last night that he had nothing to do with Quay.

Though Quay had long talked of resigning, and had written to his friends to do so, he gave out the impression that the administration wanted him to remain it is well known that the reverse is true, and that Reed has for months been endeavoring to get him out.

Reed's resignation was drawn up by his successor in office, and enthusiastically accepted by the circle of politicians associated with him.

These relations were drawn up by his successor in office, and enthusiastically accepted by the circle of politicians associated with him.

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## A THREE-THOUSAND MILE WALK.

Sport, Hardship and Adventure from Ohio to the Pacific.  
BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

IX.

## THE LAGUNA INDIANS' HOLIDAY.

TUMPIN' it to California, hey? ejaculated the section boss for the 20th time, as though the idea was a burr in his mind. And so it had got beyond the exclamation, and suddenly cried: "Banzai! if I don't stomp it with you!"

I looked at him in mild astonishment, but he was as good as his word. That very night he threw up his position, made arrangements about his pants, checks, and packed in a bandana handkerchief what he wished for the journey, giving the rest of his scant belongings to the laborers.

He did not ask whether I desired his company, nor did it seem necessary to advise him against the undertaking—for there was little likelihood that one of his temperance would carry this sudden resolve very far.

That evening I took time for a little hunting on a plain which was great wonderland to him.

The country was swarming with coyotes, which were tearing on the countless dead cattle; but it was very hard to get within rifle shot of the cunning brutes. I particularly wanted another skin just then, and determined to get it by a board-hunt.

Phillips got me a smooth board, an inch auger and some lard, at my request, and I soon made a lap-board. A dozen auger-holes, bored almost square, were filled with pitch, which were few grains of sterilizing, and then the surface of the board was similarly smeared.

Carrying this peculiar trap half a mile from the house, I set it in a pass between the cliffs, and came back to our Christmas dinner.

Had I put out a piece of poisoned meat, Mr. Coyote would have picked it up and trotted off to die, of course, but very likely in the next country, where he would not enrage me.

But any carnivorous animal that comes to a sharp-pointed trap there—looking the lard first from the level, and then squeezing its tongue into the holes for what is there, until the sudden snap comes and it is too late to run for water.

Sure enough, next morning at sunrise the largest and handsomest coyote I ever saw, before or since, was lying with his nose not six inches from the fatal board.

"I cased him that is, took off the whole skin with a cut, and left him with only the mouth—the teeth—to the utter stupefaction of the Mexican laborers, who would not believe such a thing possible.

That is the hardest way to skin an animal, but it is the only way to save the whole pelt without the serious waste from the "tags," which come where a skin is "pegged out" to dry.

The hide, which comes off like a tight glove, inside out, should be re-turned, so that the flesh is within, and then stuffed with sawdust or some substance which will fill it out plumply and still allow a slight circulation of air within.

When it is perfectly dry it can be slit from chin to tail with a sharp knife, and there you have a perfect and slightly peit.

It took me three hours of grubbing in the short, dry buffalo grass to get enough to fill the coyote's suit, but the skin, which I have yet, was thin enough to pay for the trouble.

At 10.30 Phillips bade goodby to his men, and started off for the mountains, where we came to Laguna, where the Indians were holding their remarkable holiday dances—as the wild yell that came down the wind apprised us miles away.

Laguna is the most picturesque of the pueblos that are easily accessible; and as the railroad runs at the very base of the great dome of rock upon which the quaint, terraced houses are huddled, there is no difficulty in reaching it.

On the top of the rock is the plaza, a large, irregular square, paved on all sides by the tall house-walls and entered only by three narrow alleys. We hastened up the sloping hill by one of the strange footpaths which the patient feet of two centuries have worn eight inches deep in the solid rock, and entered the plaza.

It was a remarkable sight. The house-tops were brilliant with a gorgously apparelled throng of Indian spectators, watching with intense interest the strange scene at their feet.

Up and down the plaza's smooth floor of solid rock the 30 dancers were leaping, marching, wheeling in perfect rhythm to the wild chant of the chorus and to the pom, pom of a huge drum.

Their faces were weirdly besmeared with vermilion, and upon their heads were war bonnets of eagle feathers. Some carried bows and arrows, some elaborate tonahawk weapons that was never a characteristic weapon of the Pueblo Indians—some lances and shields, and a few revolvers and Winchester.

They were stripped to the waist, and wore curious skirts of buckskin reaching to the knee; ponderous silver belts—of which some dancers had two or three apiece—and an endless profusion of silver bracelets and rings; silver, turquoise and coral necklaces and carings, and sometimes beautifully beaded buckskin leggings.

The captain of leader had a massive necklace of silver, and a wide, heavy belt.

For hours we watched the strange, wild spectacle, until the sinking sun warned us to be moving, and we reluctantly turned our faces westward. It was after dark when we reached the nasty little section-house which comprised Cabero, and we found no supper and no better bed than the greasy floor.

Phillips had been in high spirits all day, and was constantly exclaiming about the surprise that the natives had given him when he recalled to California. "I'll show you how to do it!" he cried over and over. "I used to walk 40 miles a day on an average, and carry a surveyor's chain." But at the Cabero accommodations he began to grumble.

When we awoke next morning the ground was six inches deep with snow, and the storm was increasing. The breakfast was simply uneatable, and we had to rely largely for our meal on the stock. The slush and mud made walking very difficult, and as we were going steadily up the grade, the road grew worse with every mile.

A hearty dinner at McCarty's cheered us;

the ledge to which I was holding on, and in a shanty of rock I had broken through the site and landed upon the jagged debris 20 feet below, and knew no more.

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE FIRE-WORSHIPPER'S SECRET

Countless' Riches for Him That Finds the Treasure.  
BY ANDRE LAURIE AND A. C. TOWNSEND.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE TREASURE.

SLEEP," cried the lieutenant, "why, you must be tired, my friend, doctor."

How could they sleep through all the noise of our breaking through the roof, and our shouts as we came down?

"I did not speak of a natural sleep—mesmeric, hypnotic, call it what you will. They have been hypnotized by being forced to stare at that light which is certainly blinding. I would advise you not to look at it too much, or you may find yourself in the same fix as our friends."

"I think that, into the bargain, they have

but as the afternoon wore on Phillips began to be a killjoy. He was not a profane man, but his groans, sighs, obstructions of the weather, and growing pessimism about life in general made the way almost as cheerful as a funeral procession.

"Say, don't you know this is an awful big undertaking to walk to Los Angeles?" he said. "It's a long way, and there's a lot of what shape your thoughts were taking. He kept falling behind and then running to catch up, while I ploughed ahead as fast as ever I could."

My heart rather smote me, but it was a big mercy to both of us to try his metal at the outset—if he was "infirm of purpose" the sooner we parted company the better for both; and if he was of the real stuff, this would bring it out.

For only 25 miles, that was a very hard day's work, and when we reached Grant's

pass, he was as the afternoon wore on Phillips began to be a killjoy. He was not a profane man, but his groans, sighs, obstructions of the weather, and growing pessimism about life in general made the way almost as cheerful as a funeral procession.

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"Say, don't you know this is an awful big undertaking to walk to Los Angeles?" he said. "It's a long way, and there's a lot of what shape your thoughts were taking. He kept falling behind and then running to catch up, while I ploughed ahead as fast as ever I could."

My heart rather smote me, but it was a big mercy to both of us to try his metal at the outset—if he was "infirm of purpose" the sooner we parted company the better for both; and if he was of the real stuff, this would bring it out.

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# THE LOAN OF A WIFE.

By HELEN W. PIERSON.

In Paris.  
He turned from the window and stared desirably at each of the gilt bronze clocks in turn, and groaned.

The sound of his pocket and read for the sixth time, with a deepening gloom:

"Dear Ramon—when you write me that you have taken a wife, I shall believe that you have turned over a new leaf and given up gambling, absinthe and actresses. Till then no news. This is my last word."

Ramon was frightened. He took his little note with a sudden chill. But his presence of mind was still intact:

"Oh! he said calmly, "I see."

"What does the infernal villain say?"

"He's a fool."

"I'll be your second." Call him out, my dearest boy."

"It is first!" exclaimed Ramon, with a laugh.

"Dear MADAME—I shall be able to make one in the excursion plan for to-morrow,"

Ramon said, with a smile, "nothing left for me to do but to shoot myself! Courtship is an expensive thing, and I haven't a sou's credit. That's Thibaut, who's always been ready before, but he's married now and has nothing to spare."

"Why—ah—old fellow, you will not do as well, but how are you?"

The young man, who had entered hastily, was a dark, energetic-looking individual, with resolution in his eyes and frankness about the well-upon lips.

"Never so well in my life!" he cried, grasping the other's hands. "Are you in the doleful dumps? Now that I examine you, there is a green and yellow melancholy seated on that manly brow."

"You haven't a wife about you anywhere handy, have you?"

Thibaut laughed. "Impossible!"

"Then leave me to my fate."

"You must be here first, and then come down to the little place in the country we have taken, and stay awhile. It's a bower of roses—that is, it will be when summer comes. It's a trifling damp and—well—slimy now; but oh, how happy we are! Here—just feast your eyes on her. She's blonde; look at her hair—none of your ash colors—a real, dazzling shining."

Ramon held the picture in his hand, but his thoughts had taken a flight:

"My DARLING—I swear I will not keep up this deception if you will let me tell all that

"Mehdi!" he cried, in stentorian tones, "come here, you lubbers, and show off your account! You know the language when I bring you Try your tongue on that," and he handed the man the bill.

"I'll be your third," said the young man, who stood in more honor than he did.

"It is first!" he cried, clasping Ramon's hand again.

"You see you have won me over again."

Uncle Sopha caught sight of his servant standing behind the door:

"Mehdi!" he cried, "I see."

"What does the infernal villain say?"

"He's a fool."

"I'll be your fourth."

"It is first!" he cried, clasping Ramon's hand again.

"You see you have won me over again."

"I'll be your fifth."

"It is first!" he cried, clasping Ramon's hand again.

"You see you have won me over again."

"I'll be your sixth."

"It is first!" he cried, clasping Ramon's hand again.

"You see you have won me over again."

"I'll be your seventh."

"It is first!" he cried, clasping Ramon's hand again.

"You see you have won me over again."

"I'll be your eighth."

"It is first!" he cried, clasping Ramon's hand again.

"You see you have won me over again."

"I'll be your ninth."

"It is first!" he cried, clasping Ramon's hand again.

"You see you have won me over again."

"I'll be your tenth."

"It is first!" he cried, clasping Ramon's hand again.

"You see you have won me over again."

"I'll be your eleventh."

"It is first!" he cried, clasping Ramon's hand again.

"You see you have won me over again."

"I'll be your twelfth."

"It is first!" he cried, clasping Ramon's hand again.

"You see you have won me over again."

"I'll be your thirteenth."

"It is first!" he cried, clasping Ramon's hand again.

"You see you have won me over again."

"I'll be your fourteenth."

"It is first!" he cried, clasping Ramon's hand again.

"You see you have won me over again."

"I'll be your fifteenth."

"It is first!" he cried, clasping Ramon's hand again.

"You see you have won me over again."

"I'll be your sixteenth."

"It is first!" he cried, clasping Ramon's hand again.

"You see you have won me over again."

"I'll be your seventeenth."

"It is first!" he cried, clasping Ramon's hand again.

"You see you have won me over again."

"I'll be your eighteenth."

"It is first!" he cried, clasping Ramon's hand again.

"You see you have won me over again."

"I'll be your nineteenth."

"It is first!" he cried, clasping Ramon's hand again.

"You see you have won me over again."

"I'll be your twentieth."

"It is first!" he cried, clasping Ramon's hand again.

"You see you have won me over again."

"I'll be your twenty-first."

"It is first!" he cried, clasping Ramon's hand again.

"You see you have won me over again."

"I'll be your twenty-second."

"It is first!" he cried, clasping Ramon's hand again.

"You see you have won me over again."

"I'll be your twenty-third."

"It is first!" he cried, clasping Ramon's hand again.

"You see you have won me over again."

"I'll be your twenty-fourth."

"It is first!" he cried, clasping Ramon's hand again.

"You see you have won me over again."

"I'll be your twenty-fifth."

"It is first!" he cried, clasping Ramon's hand again.

"You see you have won me over again."

"I'll be your twenty-sixth."

"It is first!" he cried, clasping Ramon's hand again.

"You see you have won me over again."

"I'll be your twenty-seventh."

"It is first!" he cried, clasping Ramon's hand again.

"You see you have won me over again."

"I'll be your twenty-eighth."

"It is first!" he cried, clasping Ramon's hand again.

"You see you have won me over again."

"I'll be your twenty-ninth."

"It is first!" he cried, clasping Ramon's hand again.

"You see you have won me over again."

"I'll be your thirtieth."

"It is first!" he cried, clasping Ramon's hand again.

"You see you have won me over again."

"I'll be your thirty-first."

"It is first!" he cried, clasping Ramon's hand again.

"You see you have won me over again."

"I'll be your thirty-second."

"It is first!" he cried, clasping Ramon's hand again.

"You see you have won me over again."

"I'll be your thirty-third."

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"I'll be your thirty-sixth."

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"You see you have won me over again."

"I'll be your thirty-seventh."

"It is first!" he cried, clasping Ramon's hand again.

"You see you have won me over again."

"I'll be your thirty-eighth."

"It is first!" he cried, clasping Ramon's hand again.

"You see you have won me over again."

"I'll be your thirty-ninth."

"It is first!" he cried, clasping Ramon's hand again.

"You see you have won me over again."

"I'll be your fortieth."

"It is first!" he cried, clasping Ramon's hand again.

"You see you have won me over again."

"I'll be your fortieth and a half."

"It is first!" he cried, clasping Ramon's hand again.

"You see you have won me over again."

"I'll be your fortieth and a quarter."

"It is first!" he cried, clasping Ramon's hand again.

"You see you have won me over again."

"I'll be your fortieth and a half and a quarter."

"It is first!" he cried, clasping Ramon's hand again.

"You see you have won me over again."

"I'll be your fortieth and a half and a quarter and a half."

"It is first!" he cried, clasping Ramon's hand again.

"You see you have won me over again."

"I'll be your fortieth and a half and a quarter and a half and a quarter."

"It is first!" he cried, clasping Ramon's hand again.

"You see you have won me over again."

"I'll be your fortieth and a half and a quarter and a half and a quarter and a half."

"It is first!" he cried, clasping Ramon's hand again.

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"I'll be your fortieth and a half and a quarter and a half and a quarter and a half and a half."

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"I'll be your fortieth and a half and a quarter and a half and a quarter and a half and a half and a half."

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"It is first!" he cried, clasping Ramon's hand again.

"You see you have won me over again."

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Identified: "Net Profits in Manufacturing Industries," and shows the net profits in 64 manufacturing industries of the State, covering 10,013 establishments, and representing 69.21 per cent of the total value of products manufactured in the Commonwealth, \$466,933,053, and 75.45 per cent of the total capital invested, or \$377,714,804.

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## Boston Weekly Globe.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 4, 1891.

Globe Pocket Calendar.						
* AUGUST * 1891 *			Moon's Phases			
Su.	M.	T.	W.	Th.	F.	S.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

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*Not in the soul of things without, but in the empire of the soul within, lies the on fire of man aspiring to be more than man—Lord Lytton.*

Chairman CALVIN S. BRICE thinks that the approaching struggle is to be one mainly between clubs, and it is greatly to be desired that a uniform and perfected system of Democratic societies, thoroughly organized and in intimate association with each other, shall be established before the beginning of next year.

## TOWNSEND'S LETTER.

## Difference Between Two Preachers' Sons.

## Pennsylvania Tired of Quay and His Men, and Party Lines Weakening.

## Wanamaker Keeps a Big Store Now, and Wants a Big Place in Heaven.

ATLANTIC CITY, Aug. 1.—The most constant topics of conversation at this resort are Blaine, Wanamaker and Gov. Pattison. A good many Pennsylvania Democrats are of the belief that if Blaine were to be nominated for president next summer he would be elected upon the score that party lines are very weak and the people in want of a man of quantity which shall bring trim between the scales. Blaine has been doing upholding protection upon the one side, but qualifying it by commerce and reciprocal treaties on the other, seem to have put him in the middle ground.

I do not hear much about Mr. Cleveland by the Pennsylvanians. Their idea is that if the Pennsylvania elections should go Democratic this fall Pattison will support Cleveland as the great Middle State candidate. The principal lieutenants in Pennsylvania of Cleveland are now Pattison men.

Since he has been made Governor, Pattison has not lost ground; in the late vote for governor of Pennsylvania he received a large very Republican vote, and every one of those votes has tendency to adhere to him at least for a time. He should never become a national political figure, however, until he is able to be accepted, then labor in Massachusetts is actually better off than capital.

We do not here propose to sift Chief WADLIN's deductions in detail, a task that more properly belongs to strictly labor journals, but will only remark that the validity of his conclusions rests upon the correctness of his estimate of labor as a capitalized element in the problem.

It is not raw material itself that properly belongs on the labor side of the balance sheet, seeing that its value resides almost wholly in labor? Is it fair to hypothecate a "wages fund" and then assume that this is the sole element of capital that belongs to labor?

These and other interesting questions naturally arise in considering Chief WADLIN's report. It deserves to be very closely studied and analyzed.

A. T. WILSON.

## M'KINLEY'S SMART DODGE.

Perceiving that Candidate M'KINLEY was liable to have a hard road to travel in his own State, by reason of the disgust of the people with his policies, he had made him play the game of poker in what not with the courage of a big general.

Time proceeded, and Mr. Quay, having passed through a large line of honors, being to the manor born in Pennsylvania, and fondly supposing, as a soldier of the civil war, an officer, etc., that he would be forgiven, even for the 99th time, found himself pushed aside by a boy from the eastern shore of Maryland, another preacher's son, who had no more than a single military rank to his credit, and was a division in the Republican party was beaten by Pattison. The ringleaders of the State, however, renominated Beaver and gave him a second chance.

In the generous, worldly, unselfish elements, Quay is Pattison's superior. Brought up in far western Pennsylvania, next to the Ohio line, Mr. Quay was one of the original Republicans who took a firm stand that Pennsylvania should throw off its pro-slavery traditions, which it had adopted in the times of Buchanan and Cameron. The Scotch-Irish in his nature, however, led him to love the

REDO WHISKEY OF THE MOUNTAINS and to turn sociability into card playing. As often as he could, he would go to the mountains and mix with little company like miners, trappers, etc.

He was a man of few words, but full of energy and decision.

What has made an impression in Pennsylvania is the conduct of Pattison in being twice elected after the controversial interval of two terms of Gov. Beaver. It will be remembered that Beaver, a one-thighed man, was elected on the strength of his personal popularity, and that he was beaten by a division in the Republican party was beaten by Pattison. The ringleaders of the State, however, renominated Beaver and gave him a second chance.

But in the meantime the Harrison campaign came on, and Quay, who had become the senator at Washington, took a place in Boston in the campaign of the anti-slavery cause of Harrison's campaign. To the general surprise, Harrison beat Cleveland, and Mr. Quay, who had been on the losing side in mark of his subordinates, and especially some who lived about Philadelphia, to fasten upon him the name of a great statesman and politician.

The Republicans did not want Delamer. They were

## Tired of the Stool Pigeons

set up by Don Cameron, Quay and others, and the whole thing was to get rid of Harrison, three times more stupid in the dance in the brick State house at the top of the town. Fellows who could get around, like Hastings, were desired by the people.

When in some Ohio town back an indignant farmer gets up to the M'KINLEY rally and asks: "Is there not some trick about it which makes us pay 15 per cent, more for our clothing than we would receive for our wool?" if the M'KINLEY bill had done all that was promised, the confused candidate will point to France, Italy, Spain and Portugal and paint the ragged workingmen and closed factories, as described by the political pamphlets.

It is his opinion that if we will only dig down far enough gold will be found in almost any section as rich and plenty as the mud on Jersey flats.

And not only this, but the gold, being still in a molten state, if we only dig far enough, will spurt up like the oil on a Pennsylvania farm, so that it will only be needed to sweep it up and let it off in tanks.

So impressed are several senators and representatives with this new discovery that they are using their influence in favor of an appropriation by Congress for boring a hole in the earth several miles deep.

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It is his opinion that if we will only





## LADIES FROM AMERICA,

—BY—

W. E. NORRIS,  
Author of "Matrimony," "Heaps of Money," "No  
New Thing," "Major and Minor," Etc.

The above likeness of one of the most popular English authors now living was caught in a casual way by a photographic in Ancient Athens.

Mr. Norris is 43 years of age, a graduate of Princeton, who has practised law, has been a member of Congress, next visited the bar, and finally became a writer, publishing "Heaps of Money" when he was only 21 years old. In 10 years he has published a novel yearly.

Mr. Norris' personality like his composition, is full of dash and dash, and the refinement of true feeling runs through both himself and his work.

"Well, it's what I consider a very reasonable ambition," said Mrs. Underwood, pouring out a second cup of tea for herself.

"More than that, it's the sort of ambition that every woman would have to turn up to, if she were to be successful."

"But I should like to know what triumphs are open to us, except conquering hearts and dressing exclusively and getting the most exclusive society to acknowledge us."

"With your face you can conquer as many hearts as you please; with your money you can employ the best dressmakers in the world; but to persuade these English aristocrats to come to your house is not so easy."

"I think that sort of triumph is worth taking some trouble to win."

Pretty little Mrs. Willats jerked up her shoulders.

"I don't know; seems to me there's more trouble than success about it, anyway," she remarked.

"You and I have taken trouble enough over this ball, and it's going to be a failure after all, because that dowdy old dolt of a duchess won't come."

**HOWARD'S LETTER.**

**Temperance Treated by a Past Master of the Practice.**

**Some Remarks on Food and Drink and Effects of Indulgence.**

**An Extraordinary Wave of Stomach-aches in New York.**

New York, Aug. 1.—I know 14 men of whom, as St. Paul said of sinners, "I am chief." I am groaning today, and have been the greater part of the summer, with an uncontrollable stomach-ache.

Now stomach ache per se is not an interesting topic of discussion, perhaps, but when stomach ache is an all-pervading curse, public writers are entitled to observe what is occurring.

The paving of a street here, particularly a great thoroughfare, involves an immeasurable amount of care, labor of scientific manipulation, as well as of money.

For instance, the street on which I live was recently covered with asphalt pavement. Now you know when an asphalt pavement is down it is a good thing if it can be kept down and not be ripped up.

Well, through this street underneath, for down, run many miles of pipe. There is a great deal of gas pipe, and our distinct lines of gas pipe, the subways for the carrying of the telegraph wires, the telephone wires are there, and into each house run gas pipes, water pipes, so that before laying a new pavement it is desirable that every one of these main pipes and subordinate pipes with their connections and fittings should be carefully examined.

This takes time, and it is very expensive. The consequence is that a most infelicitous combination of odorous nuisance composed of the smell from the upturned earth, the smell from the gas pipes, and here and there the offensive exudation from the steam heating pipes, makes many of our streets utterly unendurable from this cause alone.

Now this added to the general upheaval in the Broadway, the greater part of which is owned by the city, and the cost of the same is 12 and 15 feet, the same on 3d av., the same on a multitude of cross streets, reveals a condition of affairs atmospheric which very likely has much to do with the extraordinary disturbance observable in the

**Interiors of the People of the Town.**

This may be of no special interest to you, yet there are very few families in New England which are not in some way or other connected with the people here, and as it is in one city so it is likely to be in another, and it strikes me that the good people of Boston and New York are far more like us than like the people here.

"This has not been the outcome of any belief that both Ireland and England, and the general interests of civilization, so far as they are to be

**Promoted by Good Government.**

It stands to reason that any excitant which produces an abnormal condition in the delicate tissues of our body is a silly billy factor in human affairs, yet it would be absurd to say that all these stomach aches come from

**Over-Indulgence in Liquor.**

Of these 14 which I present to you this morning typical sufferers, five never, under any circumstances, touch spirituous liquors. Others indulge often, others are temperate.

I myself am temperate, by which I mean that I am a temperance man in the use of liquor.

The ordinary mind confuses temperance and total abstention.

I am in total abstinent. I believe myself to be a good servant, and a dreadfully bad and taxing master.

I met this morning a noted druggist. He is spending a few weeks with his family on Coney Island, where the water has a bad effect upon many people. We were talking about this universal stomach-ache business, when he said: "I never drink the water there. I use a bottled water, imported. I never touch mineral waters of any sort."

I looked at him in surprise.

"Because I know how they are made," he replied.

"So?"

"Because I know how they are made," he replied.

Well, in view of the fact that in his shop are sold daily from 1000 to 5000 glasses of different styles of mineral water, I thought that was a tolerably suggestive remark, but passing it. I asked him what he attributed his stomach aches to. He said he thought it came from eating too much corn, but as others who eat at the table with him did not eat so much freely as he at the same time of the same cereal, he wasn't quite certain.

Well, now, there is no doubt about it that corn if not properly cooked is a very bad article of diet, and it is tolerably certain also that very few men can digest and get away with as much corn as they find palatable.

I think there is nothing more delicious than corn when properly prepared, cooked, well buttered, peppered and salted. The cob is the seed of saccharin, and the

**Juice is Simply Delightful.**

Forget the stomach-ache, and often allow their palate to dictate far beyond the bounds of prudence, while their appetites insist upon an Oliver Twistdom of superfluity.

And then they have to pay it.

We certainly are having most extraordinary weather. Yesterday, for instance, the thinnest possible underwear and a light serge suit were uncomfortable in the heat and the humidity, while today a medium grade of underclothes, and a full suit of both not comfortable, though driving rain in the cars I found that a light overcoat thrown over my knees was a desirable addition.

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The fact is this year is 1891 is a copper in the line of extraordinary development.

The storms have been more tempestuous, the tides wider spread, the wrecks more destructive of property and human lives, the fires more numerous, tremendous and costly.

Suicides, murders and unnatural crimes burden the pages of even our so-called respectable papers; matrimonial infidelities, extramarital affairs, secret marriages, social developments of all sorts, and the like.

As a matter of fact, these human beings, nothing at all of the future, but hurry their little ones down to the pier, rest as a place as possible on the boat, and thank God when they push out into the river and down the bay, out along the coast, where the winds blow and the waves spatter high, and a continuous draught plays upon the overheated cuticles of themselves and their little ones. They have no wraps, no shawls, no coats, no little warm jackets, nothing.

Well, nothing for the outside, but plenty for the inside.

They have ginger ale, ginger pop, lemon soda, lemonade, tarts, green apples, oranges, candy, cream cakes, and now and then a sandwich.

By the time they reach Long Branch the children are in an apoplectic condition: they are red and pale by turns, they are hot and cold.

We have gorged ourselves until their little stomachs are packed with indigestible matter and they are in a bad condition, after an hour's running about in the sand, paddling barefooted in the waters on the beach, with clothing more or less soiled and wet.

To Brace Themselves against the chilliness of the atmosphere on the return trip, the pushing, driving winds that blow, the ceaseless spray tossing forward their hair, which falls in greater or less showers, down upon the decks and the seats and the people.

It would be interesting to know, just for the fun of it, how many little stomachs rebel against the treatment received on these great architectural triumphs, and how many little graves are dug in consequence of the infernal carelessness and outrageous imprudence of fathers and mothers, who are old enough to know better, but appear to stupidly appreciate the delicacies of the human frame.

I am disposed, therefore, to think that the weather has considerable to do with the internal disturbances of the day.

And so do the smells metropolitan.

I believe I have referred once or twice to the frightful condition of our city streets, but I have never begun to tell you the whole truth.

The fact is there are miles and scores of

miles of streets in this city where neither soap, nor soap, nor sprinkling east, nor dirt can be seen from one end of the year to the other.

In these streets the gutters are positively fetid. The stench from them is utterly insufferable.

Piles of garbage, rubbish, of awful dirty dirt are covered by snow in the winter, and when the spring sun melt away the snow revealing the festering mass beneath, dirt long lurked cropt out and

**Dominates Block After Block.**

In the summer time, when the ordinary dirt from the houses, the dirt from the yards, the dirt from the streets, is largely increased by the use of vegetable matter, and when the hot boiling sun beats, beats upon the corruption never disturbed, it is heart-sickening to see the children playing and the old folks sitting, smelling, breathing this nasty, nasty stuff.

Added to this is the fact, as you know, that our authorities are doing much excellent work in repairing certain portions of the city.

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**FOREIGN NEWS.****An American View of Home Rule Politics.****Pope Leo's Plan of Reorganizing Missions—Chilian Affairs.****Notes of Interest from All Parts of the Old World.**

DUBLIN, Aug. 3.—The Evening Telegraph has the following interview with Gen. Charles H. Taylor, editor and manager of THE BOSTON GLOBE, under these headings:

"Irish split impresses the people of the States." "Interest in interview with the proprietor of a great newspaper."

The Telegraph considers "THE BOSTON GLOBE" the great home rule paper of the New England States, and Gen. Taylor a man whose knowledge of public feeling in the United States on the Irish trouble is likely to be wide and keen and discriminating, and his representation of the opinions of citizens beyond the Atlantic is therefore valuable."

For instance, the street on which I live was recently covered with asphalt pavement. Now you know when an asphalt pavement is down it is a good thing if it can be kept down and not be ripped up.

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"He expressed himself with thoughtfulness and frankness, and we give the following summary of the interview:

"What is the feeling in the United States?" "The feeling in the United States is now, as it always has been, strongly favorable to Ireland and the Irish Troubles."